

# THE PORTSMOUTH INQUIRER.

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LIBERTY, EQUALITY, PROGRESSION.

Office, on Market Street.

VOLUME III.

PORTSMOUTH, O., MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 25, 1850.

NUMBER 34.

## Business Cards.

### Blanks! Blanks!!

A large assortment of blank forms of various kinds, such as Warrants, Quit-Claims, Mortgages, Deeds, Subpoenas, Summons, Executions, Attachments, and other Justice's blanks, constantly on hand at this office.

**D. P. ROSEBOOM & CO.**  
Machinists and Brass Founders,  
Madison's Buildings, Chillicothe Street,  
PORTSMOUTH, O.

They make and repair all kinds of Steam Engines, Mill Gearing, Lathes, &c., as well as all kinds of Machinery. Their Brass Foundry being the only one of the kind in the city, they can furnish anything in that line at short notice. They also keep always on hand the best Patent Double Action Force Pump, a most excellent and useful machine for drawing water from deep wells and forcing it to almost any desired height or distance. Portsmouth, Nov. 11, 1850—32yl

## BANKING OFFICE

**KINNEY & TRACY!**  
KINNEY & TRACY have opened an office for discount and deposits, on Front street, four doors below the U. S. Hotel. Interest allowed on deposits, payable on demand. Gold, silver, and uncurrent notes bought and sold. Office hours from 8 A. M. till 6 P. M.  
May 13, 1850.

**FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' EXCHANGE,**  
East side of Market, one door from Front street  
THOS. DUGAN, CHAS. W. HERED, N. MACKOY,  
**DUGAN, HERED & CO.**  
Exchange Brokers,

LOAN money collect notes and drafts, making remittances promptly, buy and sell Real Estate, Bank Notes, Gold and Silver, receive money on deposit allowing 6 per cent. interest on the same, payable on demand.

**SUMS OF MONEY**  
LARGE and small, transmitted at all times, to any part of England, Ireland, Scotland and Germany. DUGAN, HERED & CO., Exchange Brokers,  
East side of Market, one door from Front st. Portsmouth, O., Oct. 17, 49—28yl

**New Hat and Cap MANUFACTORY!**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,  
ONE DOOR WEST OF THE FRANKLIN HOUSE  
Portsmouth, Ohio

**S. R. ROSS,**  
WHOLESALE GROCER,  
COMMISSION

**PRODUCE MERCHANT,**  
AND  
Forwarder,  
FRONT ST., PORTSMOUTH OHIO

A full and complete assortment of Tea, Sugar, Wines, Liquors, Nails, Iron, Coffee, Molasses, Powder, Cordage, &c., always on hand, at Eastern Wholesale prices. Particular attention given to orders. Portsmouth, May 8, 1848. tf

**P. J. OAKES.** **A. W. BUSKIRK**  
**OAKES & BUSKIRK,**  
WHOLESALE GROCERS,  
Dealers in  
Rectified, Whiskey, Foreign  
AND  
Domestic Liquors.

**NO. 6.**  
Front Street, Portsmouth, Ohio.

We hope by strict attention to business and due observance of the wants of our customers, and the public generally, to receive continuance of that very liberal patronage here tofore extended to the old firm, for which we are very much obliged.  
January 2, 1849.—n39

## Summer Hats.

THE subscriber now has on hand and is finishing a superior quality of Hats of the latest styles and of every variety adapted to the season. Also,  
Children's Hats and Caps,  
of every beautiful form & now on hand, all of which will be sold singly or by the dozen, on terms which cannot fail to be satisfactory.  
D. WOLFARD,  
Front street, Portsmouth, O. April 23, '50

**R. LLOYD**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Leather  
and Shoe Findings.

I am now receiving my Spring Stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Leather and Shoe Findings, together with a large and beautiful assortment of Carpet Bags and Satchels, which were selected with great care. Persons wishing any of the above articles, will find it to their interest to give me a call, as I am determined to sell as low as the same articles can be bought west of the Mountains.  
RICHARD LLOYD,  
Sixth of the Big Run Road,  
Portsmouth, March 19, 1850—50.

**JNO. McDOWELL JR.,**  
Commission and Forwarding  
MERCHANT,  
NEW ORLEANS.

Always on hand S. F. FLOUR, No. 1 and 2. Warranted to be of good quality.  
C. A. M. DAMIRIN,  
December 10, 1849—6.

**S. R. ROSS,**  
Portsmouth, Sept. 20, 1850—36yl

**Nov. 11, 1850.**

## Business Directory.

**GROCERS & PRODUCE DEALERS**  
S. R. ROSS,  
Front street, 5 doors below Market.  
Oakes & Buskirk,  
No. 6, Front street, above Market.

**COMMISSION AND FORWARDING**  
MERCHANTS & GROCERS.  
Davis & Smith,  
East side of Market street.  
McDowell &  
Corner of Front and Market streets.

**PHYSICIANS.**  
Dr. J. M. Shackelford,  
Residence on Fourth above Court.  
Dr. J. Corson,  
Residence on Court, between 4th and 5th sts.

**ATTORNEYS AT LAW.**  
Edward W. Jordan,  
Market Street, next door to the Bank.  
W. A. Hutchins,  
Market Street, next door to the Bank.

**BANKERS.**  
P. Kinney & Co.,  
Front, half way between Market & Jefferson  
Dugan Hered & Co.,  
East side of Market, 1 door from Front street

**INSURANCE COMPANIES**  
Portsmouth Insurance Company,  
Front, in J. Lodwick & Son's Store.

**DRY GOODS MERCHANTS.**  
Wm. Elden & Co.,  
East side Market, between Front & Second  
Lodwick & Son,  
No. 66 Front, above Jefferson.

**DRUGS AND MEDICINES.**  
J. L. McVey & Co.,  
Front, 53 Flaxseed Row.  
Shackelford & Critchton,  
Front, below Jefferson.

**BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.**  
S. Wells,  
Front, between Court and Market.

**WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER.**  
John Clugsten,  
Front, one door above Kinney's.

**FURNITURE WAREHOUSES.**  
J. B. & S. P. Nickels,  
West side Market, between Front & Second

**MERCHANT TAILORS.**  
A. C. Davis,  
Front Street, below U. S. Hotel.  
Miller & Elms,  
Corner of Front and Jefferson.

**BOOTS & SHOES.**  
M. Kehoe,  
Front, two doors below Jefferson.

**HATS AND CAPS.**  
D. Wolfard,  
Front street, one door below Franklin House

**HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.**  
J. M. Teggarden,  
Over No. 3, Jefferson street.

**JOB PRINTING**  
AT THE  
INQUIRER OFFICE.

HAVING recently procured an Extensive and Splendid Assortment of  
FANCY AND JOB TYPE.

We are prepared to execute in the neatest manner and at short notice, all kinds of  
SHOW BILLS,  
HAND BILLS,  
HORE BILLS,  
VISITING CARDS,  
LABELS,  
CIRCULARS, &c.

With a new and beautiful font of  
Script,  
And also one of Secretary Type,  
we are prepared to execute all kinds of Legal and Business Blanks.

We shall always keep on hand a full assortment of Land conveyances, Bills of Lading, Promissory notes, &c., got up after the most approved forms, which will sell by the single sheet or quire, at prices, for the most part, as low as they can be procured in Cincinnati. Having been at considerable expense, from a desire to have the above named kinds of work executed as well in our town as they can be in larger places, we hope to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

**P. H. MURRAY & Co.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
Stoves, Grates, Castings and Hollow-ware,  
Manufacturers of  
Copper, Zinc, Sheet-iron, and Tin-ware,  
WEST SIDE OF MARKET STREET,  
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO.

We invite Country merchants, Farmers, men, and citizens generally, to call and examine our stock. All orders promptly attended to. Job Work executed with neatness and dispatch.  
Portsmouth, Sept. 18, 49—24wtl.

**GREAT HARVEST FROLIC!**  
NEW  
DRY GOODS.

**JAMES FURSELL,**  
HAS just received his FALL stock of Dry Goods, and now invites the examination of Merchants and Housekeepers, to one of the largest, choicest and cheapest assortments to be found in this place. His stock of Silks and Fancy Dress Goods, and trimmings of every kind is unusually large, to which the attention of the ladies is particularly invited.

**Queensware and Glass.**  
European men and Merchants, will find the Queensware department fully supplied with everything in that line, and at prices uniformly lower than it can be had in Cincinnati or Pittsburgh, and 20 per cent. lower than can be delivered from Philadelphia.

**CALL AND SEE,**  
J. P.  
Portsmouth  
PRINT GLASS WORKS.

THE undersigned are now prepared to furnish orders for all kinds of Print Glass Works, which they will sell at wholesale prices, and warrant equal to any in the market. Merchants will find it to their advantage to call before making their purchases elsewhere.  
JAMES & BROTHERS,  
Portsmouth, Sept. 20, 1850—36yl

## The Muses.



[From Blackwood's Magazine.]  
To Burns' Highland Mary.

O loved by him whom Scotland loves,  
Long loved, and honored duly  
By all who love the bard that sang  
So sweetly and so truly!  
In cultured daisies his song prevails,  
Thrills o'er the eagle's cry—  
Ah! who that strain has caught, nor shrank  
For Burns' "Highland Mary!"

His golden hours of youth were thine—  
Those hours whose flight is fleetest;  
Of all his songs to thee he gave  
The freshest and the sweetest.  
Ere ripe the fruit, one branch he broke,  
All rich with bloom and blossom;  
And shook its dew, its incense shook,  
Around thy brow and bosom.

And when his Spring, alas, how soon!  
Had been by care subdued,  
His summer, like a god repulsed,  
Had from his gates departed;  
Beneath the evening star, once more,  
Star of his morn and even!  
To thee his suppliant hands he spread,  
And hailed his love "in heaven."

In him there burned that passionate glow,  
All nature's soul and savor,  
Which gives its hue to every flower,  
To every fruit its flavor.  
Nor less the kindred power he felt,  
That love of all things human,  
Whereof the fiery center is  
The love man bears to woman.

He sang the dignity of man,  
Sang woman's grace and goodness;  
Passed by the world's half-truths, her lies  
Pierced thro' with lance-like shrewdness.  
Upon life's broad highways he stood,  
Andaped not Greek nor Roman;  
But snatched from heaven Promethean fire  
To glorify things common.

He sang of youth, he sang of age,  
Their joys, their griefs, their labors;  
Felt with, not for, the people; hailed  
All Scotland's sons his neighbors;  
And therefore all repeat his verse—  
Hot youth, or gray-headed steady,  
The boatman on Loch Eive's wave,  
The shepherd on Ben Lodi.

He sang from love of song; his name  
Dunedin's cliff resounded—  
He left her faithful to a fame  
On truth and nature founded.  
He sought true fame, not loud acclaim;  
Himself and time he trusted;  
For laurels cracking in the flame  
His fine ear never lusted.

He loved, and reason had to love,  
The illustrious land that bore him;  
Where'er he went, like heaven's broad tent,  
A star-bright Past hung o'er him.  
Each idle had fenced a saint recluse,  
Each tower a hermit dying;  
Down every mountain gorge had rolled  
The flood of loemen flying.

Honor to Scotland and to Burns!  
In him she stands collected.  
A thousand streams one river make—  
This genius heaven-directed,  
Conjoins all separate reins of power  
In one great soul creation;  
And blends a million men to make  
The Poet of the nation.

Honor to Burns! and her who first  
Let loose the bounding river  
Of music from the Poet's heart,  
Borne through all lands forever!  
How much to her mankind has owed  
Of song's selected treasure!  
Unswept by her kiss, his lips  
Had sung far other measures.

Be green for aye, green bank and brae  
Around Montgomery's Castle!  
Blow there, ye earliest flowers! and there  
Ye sweetest song-birds, nestle!  
For there was 'tween that last farewell;  
In hope, indulged how blindly;  
And there was given that long last gaze  
"That dwell" on him "so kindly."

No word of thine recorded stands;  
Few words that have been spoken;  
Two Bibles there were interchanged,  
And some slight love-gift broken.  
And there the cold faint hands he pressed,  
Thy head by dew drops mistled;  
And kisses, ill-restrained first,  
At last were unrestrained.

## Miscellaneous.

**THE BELOVED TUNE.**  
BY L. MARIA CHILD.

A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings  
In unison with ours, bleeding its future wings.  
Lullaby!

In a pleasant English garden, on a rustic  
chair of interwoven boughs, are seated two  
happy human beings. Beds of Violets  
perfume the air, and verdant hedges  
stand sleeping in the moonlight.  
A guitar lies on the green sward; but it is  
silent now, for all is hushed in the deep  
stillness of the heart. The youthful pair  
are whispering their first acknowledgment  
of mutual love. "With this is now  
unfolding life's best and brightest blossom,  
so beautiful and so transient, but leaving as  
it passes into fruit, a fragrance through all  
the paths of memory."

And now the garden is alone in the  
moonlight. The rustic bench, and the  
whispering foliage of the tree, tell each  
other no tales of those still kisses, those  
gentle clasplings, and all the fervent lan-  
guage of the heart. But the young man  
has carried them away in his soul; and  
as he sits at his chamber window, gazing  
in the mild face of the moon, he feels, as  
all do who love and are beloved, that he is  
a better man, and will henceforth be a  
wiser, purer one. The words within  
him, and without are united in trans-  
cendent glory, and breathe together in  
perfect harmony. "For all these high as-  
pirations, the deep life of tenderness, this  
fullness of beauty, there is but one utter-  
ance, the yearning heart must overflow

in music. Faint and uncertain come the  
first tones of the guitar, breathing as softly  
as if they responded to the mere touch of  
the moon-beams. But now the rich man-  
ly voice has united with them, and a clear  
spiritual melody flows forth, plaintively  
and impassioned, the modulated breath of  
indwelling life and love. All the secrets of  
the gardens—secrets that poetry and  
painting had no power to reveal—have  
passed into song.

At first the young musician scarcely  
noticed the exceeding beauty of the air he  
was composing. But a passage that  
came from the depth of the heart, returned  
to the heart again, and filled it with his  
own sweet echoes. He lighted a lamp,  
and rapidly transferred the sounds to pa-  
per. Thus he embodied the floating  
essence of his soul, and life's brightest in-  
spirations cannot pass away with the vi-  
olent fragrance that veiled its birth.

But obstacles arise in the path of love.  
Dora's father has an aversion to foreigners,  
and Alessandro is of mingled Italian and  
German parentage. He thinks of worldly  
substance, as fathers are wont to do; and  
Alessandro is simply leader of an orchestra,  
and a composer of popular guitar mu-  
sic.

There is a richer lover in question,  
and the poor musician is sad with hope  
deferred; though he lingers ever tastefully  
on Dora's true heart. He labors diligent-  
ly in his vocation, gives lessons day by  
day, and listens with all patience to the  
learner's trip-hammer measurement of  
time while the soul within him yearns to  
pour itself forth in floods of impassioned  
melody. He composes music industriously,  
too; but it is for the market, and slowly  
and reluctantly the offended tones take  
their place per order. Not thus come they  
in that inspired song where love first  
breathed its bright but timid joy, over-  
vanquished doubts and fears. The manu-  
script of that melody is laid away, and sel-  
dom can the anxious lover hear its voice.

But two years of patient effort secured  
his prize. The loved one had come to his  
humble home, with her bridal wreath of  
jessamine and orange beds. He sits at  
the same window, and the same moon  
shines on him, but he is no longer alone.  
A beautiful hand leans on his breast, and  
a loving voice says, "Dearest Alessandro,  
sing me a song of thine own composing."

He was then thinking of the rustic seat in  
her father's garden, of violets breathing to  
the moonlight, of Dora's bashful first con-  
fession of love; and smiling with a happy  
consciousness, he sought for the written  
voice of that blissful hour. But he will  
not tell her when it was composed, lest it  
should not say so much to her heart as it  
does to his. He begins by singing other  
songs, which drawing room misses love for  
their tinkling sweetness. Dora listens well  
pleased, and sometimes says, "That is  
pretty, Alessandro; play it again." But  
now came the voice of melting, mingling  
souls—that melody so like sunshine and  
rainbows, and birds warbling after a sum-  
mer shower—from the guitar at intervals,  
and all subsiding to blissful, dreamy moon-  
light. Dora leans forward, gazing ear-  
nently in his face—and beaming with tear-  
ful eyes, exclaims, "Oh, that is very  
beautiful! That is my tune." "Yes, it is  
indeed thy tune," replied the happy hus-  
band, and when she heard its history, she  
knew why it seemed so like echoes of her  
own deepest heart.

Time has passed, and Alessandro sits  
by Dora's bedside, their eyes looking into  
each other through happy tears. Their  
love is crowned by life's deepest, purest  
joy—its most heavenly emotion. Their  
united lives re-appear in a new existence;  
and they feel that without this rich expe-  
rience, the human heart can never know  
one half its wealth of love. Long sat  
father in that happy stillness, and vis-  
it not that angels near by smiled when he  
touched the soft down of the infant's arm,  
or twined its little finger over his and  
looked his joyous tenderness into the moth-  
er's eyes. The tear dew glistened on  
these long, dark fingers, when he took up  
his guitar and played the beloved tune.

He had spoken no word to his child.  
These tones were the first sounds with  
which he welcomed her into the world.  
A few months glide away, and the little  
Floretta knows the tune herself—  
She claps her hands and crows at the  
sight of the guitar; all changing emotion  
shows themselves in her dark melancholy  
eyes, and on her tremulous lips. Play  
not too sadly, thou fond musician, for this  
little soul is a portion of thine own sensi-  
tive being, more delicately tuned. Ah!  
see now the grieved lip, and the eyes swim-  
ming in tears. "Change, change to a gay-  
er measure! for the little heart is swelling  
too big for its bosom. There now she  
laughs and crows again! Yet plaintive  
music is her choice, and especially the  
beloved tune. As soon as she can toddle  
across the room, she welcomes papa with  
a shout, and runs to bring the guitar which  
another must help her to carry, lest she  
break it in her zeal. If father mischievously  
tries other tunes than her favorites, she  
shakes her little curly head, and trots her  
feet impatiently. But when he touches  
the first notes he ever played to her, she  
smiles and listens seriously, as if she  
heard her own being prophesied in music.

As she grows older, the little lady evinces  
a taste right royal; for she must need  
eat her supper to an accompaniment of  
sweet sounds. It is beautiful to see her  
in her nightgown, seated demurely in her  
small arm-chair, one muffled little foot  
beating time to the tune. But if the music  
speaks too plaintively, the big tears roll  
silently down, and the porringer of milk,  
all unheeded, pours to treasures on the  
floor. Then come smothering kisses from  
the happy father and mother, and love  
clasplings with her little soft arms. "As  
the three sit thus entwined, the musician  
says playfully, "Ah, this is the perfect  
chorus!"

Three years more away, and the scene  
is changed. There is discord now where  
at such sweet harmony prevailed. The  
light of Dora's eye is dim with weeping,  
and Floretta has "caught the trick of grief  
and sighs amid her playings." Once  
when she had waited long for her beloved  
father, she ran to him with the guitar,  
and he pushed her away, saying, "Go to  
bed; why did your mother keep you so  
long?" The sensitive little being, so easily  
repulsed went to her happy pillow in  
tears, and after that she no more ran to  
meet him with music in her hand, in her  
eye, and in her voice. Hushed now is  
the beloved tune to the unhappy wife,  
it seemed mockery to ask for it; and Al-  
lessandro seldom touches his guitar; he  
says he is obliged to play enough for his  
bread without playing to his family at  
home. At the glass club the bright wine  
has tempted him, and he is slowly hurrying  
heart and soul to the sepulchre of the  
body. Is there no way to save this beau-  
tiful son of genius and feeling? Dora at first  
pleads with him tenderly; but, made nerv-  
ous with anxiety and sorrow she at last  
speaks that which would have seemed im-  
possible to her when she was so happy,  
seated on the rustic chair, in the moon-  
light garden; and then comes the sharp  
sorrow which a generous heart always  
feels when it has spoken to a cherished  
friend. In such moments of contrition,  
memory turns with fond sadness to the be-  
loved tune. Floretta, whose little fingers  
must stretch wide to reach an octave is  
taught to play it on the piano, while moth-  
er sings to her accompaniment, in their  
lonely hours.

After such seasons a tender reception  
always greets the wayward husband, but  
his eyes, dulled by dissipation, no longer  
perceive the delicate shadings of love in  
those home pictures once so dear to him.  
"The child is afraid of her father, and this  
vexes him; so a strangeness has grown up  
between the playmates. One day,  
day, Alessandro came home as twilight  
was passing into evening, Floretta had  
eaten her supper, and sat on her mother's  
lap chatting merrily, but the little clear  
voice is hushed up as soon as father's step  
was heard approaching. He entered with  
flushed cheek and unsteady motions, and  
threw himself full length on the sofa,  
grumbling that it was devilish dismal there,  
Dora answered hastily, "When a man has  
made his home dismal, if he don't like it  
he had better stay where he finds more pleas-  
ure." The next moment she would have  
given worlds, if she had not spoken such  
words. Her impulse was to go and fall  
on his neck, and ask his forgiveness; but  
he kicked over little Floretta's chair with  
such violence that the kindly impulse  
turned back and hid itself in her widowed  
heart. There sat they silently in the twi-  
light, and Dora's tears fell on the little  
head that rested on her bosom. I knew  
not what spirit guided the child; perhaps  
of her busy little heart she remembered  
how her favorite sounds used to heighten  
all love, and cheer all sorrow; perhaps  
angels came and took her by the hand—  
But so it was she slipped down from her  
mother's lap, and scrambled upon the mu-  
sical stool and began to play the tune which  
had been taught her in private hours and  
which the father had not heard for many  
months. Wonderfully the little creature  
touched the keys with her tiny fingers, and  
ever and anon her weak, but flexible voice  
chimed in with a pleasant harmony. Al-  
lessandro raised his head and looked and  
listened. "God bless her dear little soul!  
"can she play it? God bless her! God  
bless her!" He clasped the darling to his  
breast, and kissed her again and again.  
Then seeing the little overturned chair,  
he caught it up and threw it vehemently,  
and burst into tears. Dora threw her arms  
around him, and said softly, "Dear Al-  
lessandro, forgive me that I have spoken so  
unkindly." He pressed her hand and an-  
swered with a stifled voice, "Forgive me,  
Dora. God bless the little angel; never  
again will father push away her little  
chair." As they stand weeping on  
each other's necks, two little soft arms en-  
circle their knees, and a small voice said,  
"Kiss Floretta." They raised her up and  
fold her in long embraces. Alessandro  
carries her to bed, as in times of old, and  
says cheerfully, "No more wine, dear Di-  
ra, no more wine. Our child has saved me."

But when discord once enters a domestic  
paradise, it is not easily dispelled. Al-  
lessandro occasionally feels the want of the  
stimulus to which he has been accustomed,  
and the corroding appetite sometimes makes  
him gloomy and petulant. Dora does not  
make sufficient allowance for this, and her  
own nature being quick and sensitive, she  
sometimes gives abrupt answers or betrays  
impatience by hasty motions. Meanwhile  
Alessandro is busy with some sacred work.  
The door of his room is often locked, and  
Dora is half displeased that he will not tell  
her why, but all her questions he answers  
with a kiss and a smile. And now the  
Christmas morning comes, and Floretta rises  
bright and early to see what Santa Claus  
has put in her stocking. She comes in with  
her apron full and gives her mother a pack-  
age, on which was written, "A merry Christ-  
mas, and a happy New Year to you my be-  
loved wife." She opens and reads, "Dear-  
est Dora, I have made thee a music box—  
When I speak hastily to my beloved ones I  
pray thee wind it up; and when I see the  
spark kindling in thine eyes, I will do the  
same. This dearest, let memory teach pa-  
tience unto love." Dora winds up the mu-  
sic-box, and lo, a spirit sits within playing  
the beloved tune. She puts her hand with-  
in her husband's and they look at each other  
with affectionate humility. But neither of  
them speak the resolutions they form, while  
the voice of their early love falls upon their  
ears like sounds of a fairy guitar.

Memory, thus aided, does teach patience  
unto love. No slackened string now rings  
discord through the domestic tune. Floretta  
is passing into womanhood, beautiful  
and charming. She smiles on her mother,  
and the mother smiles on her, and the  
sun shines on the child, singing from a  
distant voice.

Three years more away, and the scene  
is changed. There is discord now where  
at such sweet harmony prevailed. The  
light of Dora's eye is dim with weeping,  
and Floretta has "caught the trick of grief  
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eye, and in her voice. Hushed now is  
the beloved tune to the unhappy wife,  
it seemed mockery to ask for it; and Al-  
lessandro seldom touches his guitar; he  
says he is obliged to play enough for his  
bread without playing to his family at  
home. At the glass club the bright wine  
has tempted him, and he is slowly hurrying  
heart and soul to the sepulchre of the  
body. Is there no way to save this beau-  
tiful son of genius and feeling? Dora at first  
pleads with him tenderly; but, made nerv-  
ous with anxiety and sorrow she at last  
speaks that which would have seemed im-  
possible to her when she was so happy,  
seated on the rustic chair, in the moon-  
light garden; and then comes the sharp  
sorrow which a generous heart always  
feels when it has spoken to a cherished  
friend. In such moments of contrition,  
memory turns with fond sadness to the be-  
loved tune. Floretta, whose little fingers  
must stretch wide to reach an octave is  
taught to play it on the piano, while moth-  
er sings to her accompaniment, in their  
lonely hours.

After such seasons a tender reception  
always greets the wayward husband, but  
his eyes, dulled by dissipation, no longer  
perceive the delicate shadings of love in  
those home pictures once so dear to him.  
"The child is afraid of her father, and this  
vexes him; so a strangeness has grown up  
between the playmates. One day,  
day, Alessandro came home as twilight  
was passing into evening, Floretta had  
eaten her supper, and sat on her mother's  
lap chatting merrily, but the little clear  
voice is hushed up as soon as father's step  
was heard approaching. He entered with  
flushed cheek and unsteady motions, and  
threw himself full length on the sofa,  
grumbling that it was devilish dismal there,  
Dora answered hastily, "When a man has  
made his home dismal, if he don't like it  
he had better stay where he finds more pleas-  
ure." The next moment she would have  
given worlds, if she had not spoken such  
words. Her impulse was to go and fall  
on his neck, and ask his forgiveness; but  
he kicked over little Floretta's chair with  
such violence that the kindly impulse  
turned back and hid itself in her widowed  
heart. There sat they silently in the twi-  
light, and Dora's tears fell on the little  
head that rested on her bosom. I knew  
not what spirit guided the child; perhaps  
of her busy little heart she remembered  
how her favorite sounds used to heighten  
all love, and cheer all sorrow; perhaps  
angels came and took her by the hand—  
But so it was she slipped down from her  
mother's lap, and scrambled upon the mu-  
sical stool and began to play the tune which  
had been taught her in private hours and  
which the father had not heard for many  
months. Wonderfully the little creature  
touched the keys with her tiny fingers, and  
ever and anon her weak, but flexible voice  
chimed in with a pleasant harmony. Al-  
lessandro raised his head and looked and  
listened. "God bless her dear little soul!  
"can she play it? God bless her! God  
bless her!" He clasped the darling to his  
breast, and kissed her again and again.  
Then seeing the little overturned chair,  
he caught it up and threw it vehemently,  
and burst into tears. Dora threw her arms  
around him, and said softly, "Dear Al-  
lessandro, forgive me that I have spoken so  
unkindly." He pressed her hand and an-  
swered with a stifled voice, "Forgive me,  
Dora. God bless the little angel; never  
again will father push away her little  
chair." As they stand weeping on  
each other's necks, two little soft arms en-  
circle their knees, and a small voice said,  
"Kiss Floretta." They raised her up and  
fold her in long embraces. Alessandro  
carries her to bed, as in times of old, and  
says cheerfully, "No more wine, dear Di-  
ra, no more wine. Our child has saved me."

But when discord once enters a domestic  
paradise, it is not easily dispelled. Al-  
lessandro occasionally feels the want of the  
stimulus to which he has been accustomed,  
and the corroding appetite sometimes makes  
him gloomy and petulant. Dora does not  
make sufficient allowance for this, and her  
own nature being quick and sensitive, she  
sometimes gives abrupt answers or betrays  
impatience by hasty motions. Meanwhile  
Alessandro is busy with some sacred work.  
The door of his room is often locked, and  
Dora is half displeased that he will not tell  
her why, but all her questions he answers  
with a kiss and a smile. And now the  
Christmas morning comes, and Floretta rises  
bright and early to see what Santa Claus  
has put in her stocking. She comes in with  
her apron full and gives her mother a pack-  
age, on which was written, "A merry Christ-  
mas, and a happy New Year to you my be-  
loved wife." She opens and reads, "Dear-  
est Dora, I have made thee a music box—  
When I speak hastily to my beloved ones I  
pray thee wind it up; and when I see the  
spark kindling in thine eyes, I will do the  
same. This dearest, let memory teach pa-  
tience unto love." Dora winds up the mu-  
sic-box, and lo, a spirit sits within playing  
the beloved tune. She puts her hand with-  
in her husband's and they look at each other  
with affectionate humility. But neither of  
them speak the resolutions they form, while  
the voice of their early love falls upon their  
ears like sounds of a fairy guitar.

Memory, thus aided, does teach patience  
unto love. No slackened string now rings  
discord through the domestic tune. Floretta  
is passing into womanhood, beautiful  
and charming. She smiles on her mother,  
and the mother smiles on her, and the  
sun shines on the child, singing from a  
distant voice.

In his eyes, the first effort of her genius  
can not seem otherwise than beautiful. Ever  
and anon certain notes recur, and they look  
at each other and smile, and Dora smiles al-  
one. "Floretta, could not help bringing in  
that theme," she says, "for it was sung to her  
in her cradle." The father replied, "But  
variations are extremely pretty; and a flush  
of delight goes over the face of his child."

The setting sun glances across the guitar,  
and touches a rose in the maiden's bosom.